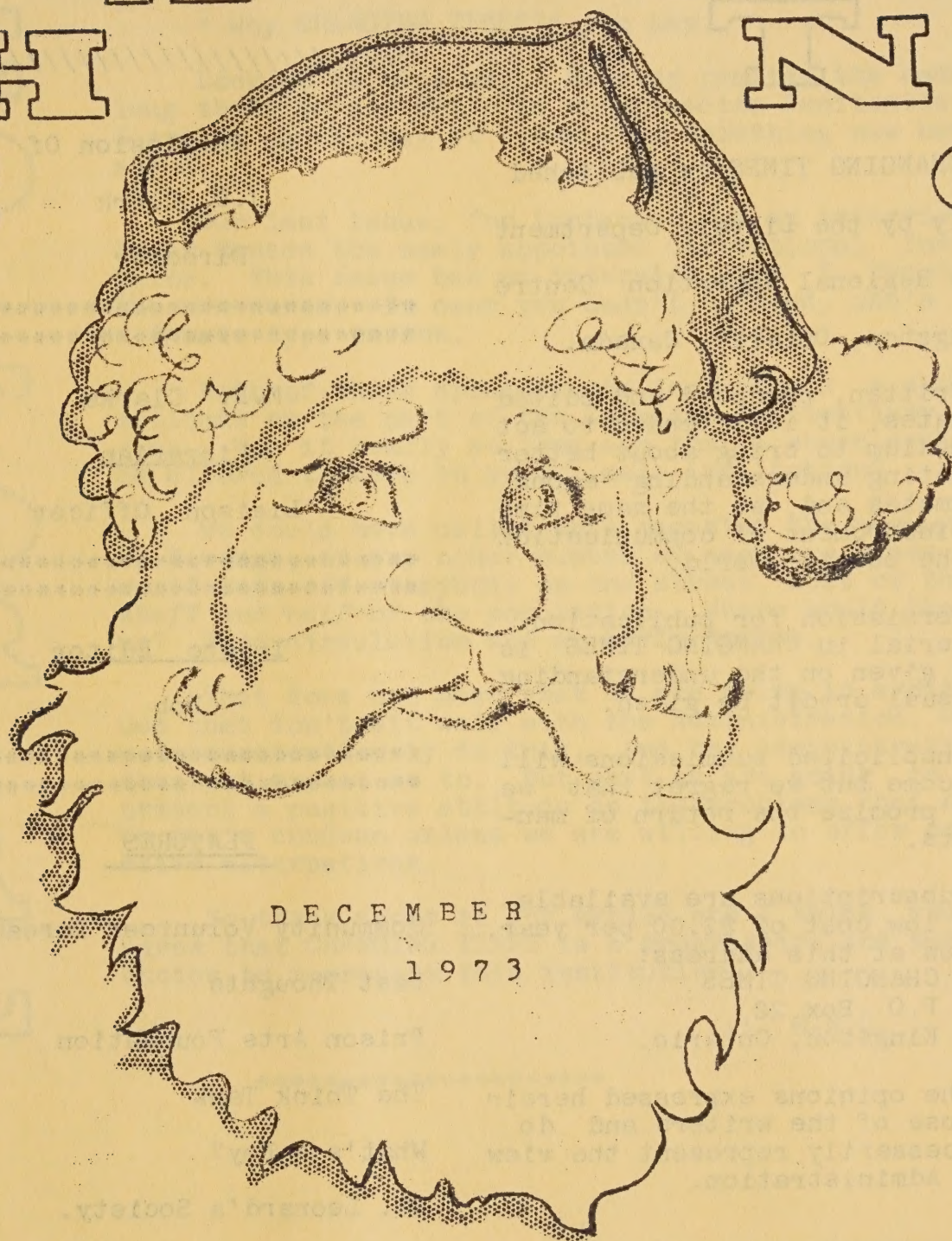


CHANGING
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DECEMBER

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Vol. 1 No. 1

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CHANGING TIMES is published
monthly by the Library Department
of The Regional Reception Centre
at Kingston, Ontario, Canada.

Written, produced and edited
by inmates, it is intended to act
as a medium to bring about better
and lasting understanding among
the inmates and, at the same time
be an instrument of communication
with the outside world.

Permission for publication
of material in CHANGING TIMES is
freely given on the understanding
that usual credit be given.

Unsolicited submissions will
be welcome but we regret that we
cannot promise the return of man-
uscripts.

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The opinions expressed herein
are those of the writers and do
not necessarily represent the view
of the Administration.

By Permission Of

J.D. Clark

Director

M.R. Clarke

Librarian

Liaison Officer

Inmate Editor

Bob

FEATURES

Community Volunteer Bureau	P. 7
Last Thoughts	P. 4
Prison Arts Foundation	P. 10
The Think Tank	P. 14
What's A Boy?	P. 21
St. Leonard's Society.	P. 24

EDITORIAL

" Why CHANGING TIMES?" you say.

Look at it this way. Nothing remains the same for long these days. Not even the Canadian Penitentiary Service. Every day it seems like something new has been added.

Our last issue, for instance, ran an interview with Inger Hansen the newly appointed Correctional Investigator. This issue has an interview with P. Vermeulen, the new nurse. In case you hadn't noticed, she's also a female type person.

Both of these appointments demonstrate a changing attitude on the part of the Canadian Penitentiary Service. Was it really so long ago that a woman would not be allowed to work in an all male institution?

We could have called this magazine the Protester, or Revenge, or any other number of negative names that would turn off everybody on the street, most of the staff and half of the population. Where would that get us? Zero circulation and an early demise.

That does not mean that we are going to avoid issues that don't sit well with the Administration. We cannot conscientiously do this. And the Administration does not expect us to. But what we are going to do is present a positive attitude to the problems that arise. We can't condemn unless we are willing to offer constructive alternatives.

So think about it for awhile and I think you'll agree that CHANGING TIMES is a progressive and suitable choice to represent this institution.

M.R.C.

SEASONS

GREENINGS

Christmas Blessings

On Christmas Morning you and your loved ones will have a special remembrance in my Masses.

May the Christ Child grant you a blessed, peaceful Christmas and an abundance of happiness throughout the New Year...

Rev. E.J. Way
Catholic Chaplain

"In an age when man's effort is being directed to reaching for the stars, Christmas is a reminder that a Star has reached down to man."

The meaning of Christmas lies at the heart of that statement. It says that our effort, like so many of the space probes, is taking on an infinite dimension, if we think we can reach out and find God. No need. Christmas is the anniversary of God making the first move. The joy and peace of Christmas is the realization that He's a part of common and ordinary life - yes, even here, within each of us, or He's nowhere.

A blessed Christmas to each - to families and friends of both inmates and staff.

J.F. Flindall
Protestant Chaplain

May I wish each of you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Your first impulse may be to consider this as being meaningless in light of your present circumstances. This is not the case and none of us are in such an unsalvageable situation that we cannot look to the New Year with justifiable hope if we are motivated to pursue a goal of self-improvement. It is my most sincere wish that each

one of you will pursue such a goal to develop and achieve a life for yourselves that will lead away from, and help you to rise above, a life of crime.

2

In pursuing such a goal, you will develop a self-respect and simultaneously receive the respect and consideration of your fellow man. I can think of no greater gift

you could give to yourself or your loved ones.

The celebration of the birth of Christ and the beginning of the New Year, and the hope this wonderful event has given mankind through the ages, is a most fitting time for you to endeavour to start your self-improvement. This effort on your part is the only way you will truly escape the mental anguish and physical restrictions that you inflict on yourself through a life of crime.

I wish each of you who accepts this challenge well, and pledge my untiring efforts to help in any way possible.

May God be with you at this time and through all the days of the New Year.

J.D. Clark

Director

EMANUEL - GOD WITH US

A little boy and his sister were found wandering in a woods, and when asked where they were going, replied, "We are trying to find God!"

This question may be child-like, but not childish. It is perhaps the most asked question on the lips of mankind. Job of old, in a moment of frustration and discouragement, cried out "O that I knew where I might find Him!"

This is what Christmas is all about. It is the good news that the search has ended - that God has found us. God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself.

An atheist was on his death-bed. He was visited by a little girl from next door. She had attended Sunday School and believed very implicitly in God. As she stood by the bedside, her eyes seemed to be focused on a large plaque hanging on the wall just over the bed. The old man asked her why she kept looking at the sign. "I thought you would not like it as it reads " God is nowhere!"

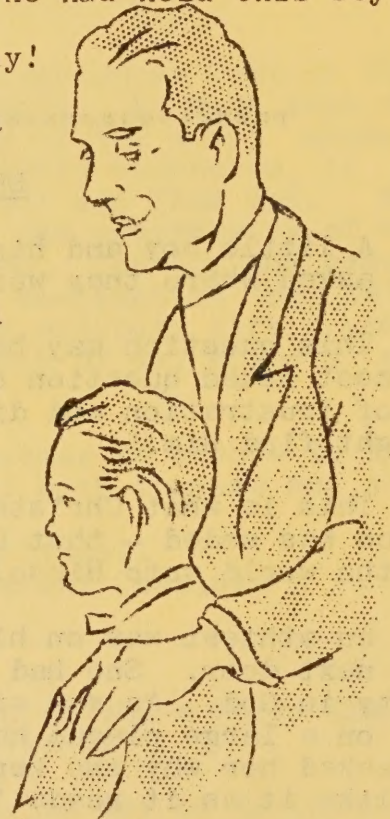
"Oh, no," she said. "It reads "God is now here!".

That is the true meaning of Christmas. God is now here as Saviour.

Brigadier Greenwood
Salvation Army Chaplain

LAST THOUGHTS....

As a heavy silence took possession of the small room, the old Priest rested his head against the refreshing coolness of the stone wall, knowing full well that he was unable to ease the tension that was mounting inside the youth. The fingers of his right hand wandered aimlessly through his grey, close-cropped hair and his eyes filled with tenderness as he recalled the day - exactly eighteen years ago yesterday - the day he had held this boy in his arms and christened him. And now today! His left hand grasped the prayer book just a little tighter as his lips voiced the silent words, "So young. So young."



The youth in question, his face pale and glistening with small beads of perspiration, was pacing restlessly in the narrow confined space. Backwards and forwards he went, taking quick, nervous gulps at the cigarette bobbing up and down between his lips. His nostrils twitched as he snorted hot tasteless smoke into twin, viciously spiralling jets that rose and encased his head in a swirling cloud of blue.

A big, heavy-set man, his arms folded across his chest and his legs stretched out in front of him, sat upon a small stool

beside the closed door, and watched through calm, untroubled eyes. He had been through all this many times before. He knew it was just a matter of time. No use getting tensed up and excited. It was only as the final moments approached that his blood usually turned to water. He took a quick glance at his watch, and in answer to the questioning look in the youth's eyes, said "Ten more minutes, Kid." His voice sounded extra loud in the otherwise silent room.

"All right! All right! You don't have to put it that way," snapped the youth, as he paused, took out his handkerchief, and wiped his glistening face. "It's fine for you. Once we go through that door....."

"Don't worry, my son," interrupted the Priest in a voice that was soft and gentle. He placed his arms protectingly around the youth's shoulders and continued, "They all feel this way. Now I've got to leave for a little while. But I shall be back soon."

The youth watched mutely as the priest walked away on silent feet towards the door. The door opened and closed quickly, but not quickly enough to prevent the youth's straining, sensitive ears from catching the muffled murmur of voices and the sound of shuffling feet.

"God!", he cried, "I wish it was all over! Nothing could



be worse than this waiting!"

A slight smile crossed the ruddy complexioned face of the man beside the door as he said, "It's all your own doing, Kid. You made your choice." His voice was void of any note of compassion for the youth's plight.

"Sure, I made the choice." The youth mopped his fevered brow once again as his voice broke under the strain. "Maybe someday you will be in my position. Then see how you feel." Snapping his fingers spasmodically, he continued his pacing.

The door opened and the Priest entered, his long cassock partly covered with a snow-white alb. Glancing at the youth, he bent down and whispered a few words to the heavy set man, who rose to his feet. The youth trembled slightly as he asked, "Is it....?" The old head nodded in silent assent.

The boy turned and took a final look at his pale, perspiring face in the mirror and smoothed his already glistening hair with his long, twitching fingers. The heavy-set man came over and took hold of his arm, saying "Come on, Kid. Let's go."

They stood beside the open door for a moment. The murmuring voices died a sudden death, so that only a hushed silence greeted them. The youth looked up at the man and, with a sickly grin upon his face, asked, "You sure you got the ring?"

Then, as the opening notes swelled out from the organ, they walked slowly to their respective places before the altar.

C

V

B

It is the hope of CHANGING TIMES to feature any organization in the community that is civic oriented. The COMMUNITY VOLUNTEER BUREAU is a fine example.

Our sincere thanks are expressed to Mrs. Claire Flanagan for her invaluable assistance in preparing the following article.

All quotes belong to Mrs. Flanagan.

The COMMUNITY VOLUNTEER BUREAU is a bureau designed to accommodate both those who want to help others as well as those who need assistance. It is a liaison between the citizens of the community and the active volunteer organizations, fellowships, committees, institutions and hospitals who all perform a service, usually free of charge for the community.

Volunteers come from all walks of life and every age is represented. They donate freely of their time

"I have had the pleasure of interviewing several citizens willingly and voluntarily donating their services, time and experiences to help relieve the heavy work load of trained personnel. I have found the volunteer to be somewhat of a special kind of person."

To have this type of person visit the bedside of a senior citizen or a lonely individual facing a stiff sentence in a penal institution, a physically handicapped who never gets to a movie or just rock and hug a mentally retarded child is bound to bring a ray of light and hope to these people's life. A volunteer of this nature just has to be a very special person.

and I think every volunteer will agree with me when I say there are no words to properly express the feeling or "high" one can feel when they have given of themselves to help another. It can be referred to as love for our fellow man and if love isn't given or shared, we will soon lose it."



7

"I am now a volunteer co-ordinator, but was a volunteer in the past

Volunteers for CVB come from a cross section of the community. There are ladies whose families

have grown up, or whose children are in school; there are those who work all day in the community and still seem to find time to give of themselves one or two hours each week; there are retired gentlemen, university and high school students.

What do volunteers do ? They visit and comfort the sick and lonely; they drive therapy patients for treatment; they visit penal residents and aid in the teaching of crafts or hold discussion groups; they teach homemaking techniques to wives and mothers; they work with the blind, retarded, handicapped, emotionally disturbed, drug or alcohol abusers.



There is a never ending call for volunteers. Kingston is well populated with institutions, rehabilitative as well as penal, hospitals, day care centres and every type of handicapped school or organization. All these places have human needs.

No one needs to feel he can't qualify because of a lack of training. Most institutions have a one to one program and this

only requires one to be patient, interesting and understanding.

At present, CVB is funded by an L.I.P. grant but steps are to be taken to have the program permanently funded by United Way and the Provincial and Federal governments. I do not see how such a worthy organization can be turned down!

Placement success is in the 90% range of the total requests received. This figure does not include the many rides for patients to clinics for therapy or the "on the job" training programs at the student level.

The driving force, and one woman staff of The Community Volunteer Bureau is a delightful and witty lady, Mrs. Claire Flanagan.

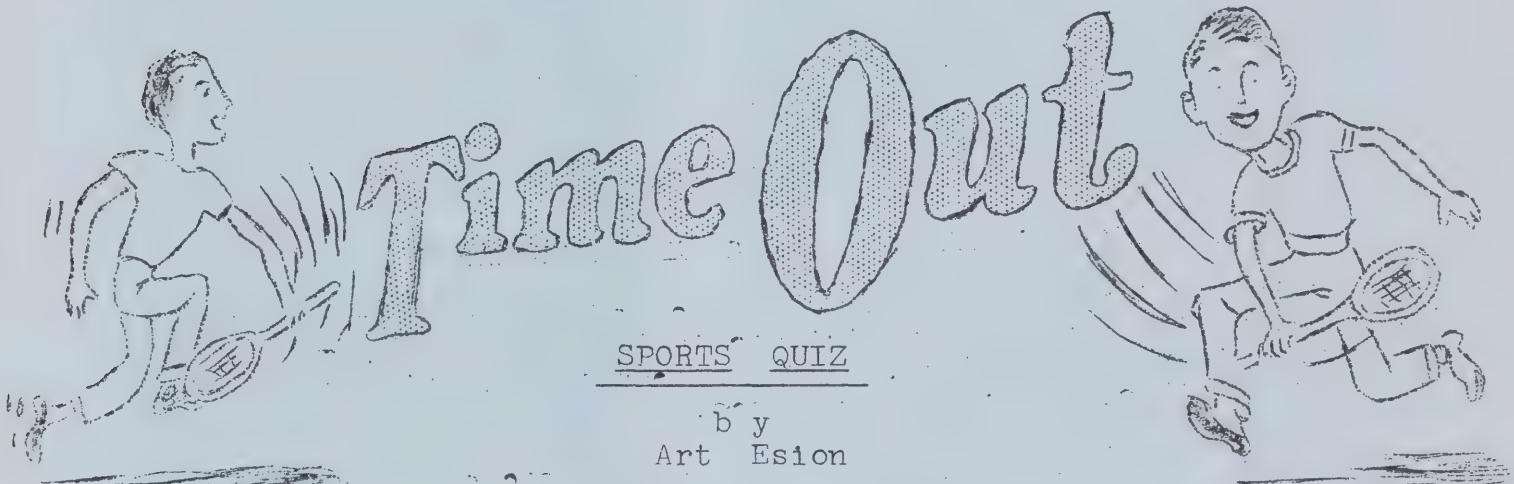
"At present, the staff consists of yours truly the volunteer co-ordinator, and on occasion a volunteer typist whenever the work load becomes too heavy," Mrs. Flanagan says.

"Each week a column called Needs And Deeds is prepared and entered into the local newspaper. This column is proving to be very successful resulting in several phone calls to the Bureau by interested citizens."

I can only sum this up by saying that any cause as worthy as this deserves all the help it can get, and encouragement.

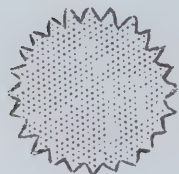
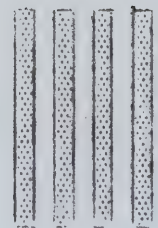
We at Changing Times wish to go on record as extending our sincere congratulations to Mrs. Flanagan for her efforts.

- (1) Boxing also had a "Hammerin' Hank". He held three world's championships at the same time. What was his name?
- (2) Jersey Joe Walcott was the ring name of one of the all time great heavyweights. What was his right name?
- (3) What great middleweight champion was treated to a Hollywood glamorization in "Somebody Up There Likes Me"?
- (4) Who was the "Boston Tar Baby"?
- (5) Toronto Maple Leafs had a hard-rock defenceman known as "Bingo". Who was he?
- (6) What great left winger for the Detroit Red Wings was known as "Terrible Ted"?



- (7) Bernie Geoffrion's Father*In*Law was one of the all time greats of the N.H.L.. Who was he?
- (8) The golf pro at the Sarnia Golf and Country Club is also the N.H.L.'s. top linesman. Who is he?
- (9) Torchy and Doug. Peden were two of Canada's top athletes. In what sport did they participate?
- (10) Perhaps the best known race horse of all time, including Secretariat, was known as "Big Red". What was its name?
- (11) With what sport do you associate the name Troy Ruttman?
- (12) What great Yankee shortstop was known as "The Scooter"?

PRISON ARTS



The following circular has been submitted by The Prison Arts Foundation. Changing Times is only too pleased to pass this information along to you, our readers.

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PRISON ARTS 74

Sponsored By The Prison Arts Foundation

An invitation is extended to inmates of all adult correctional institutions in Canada to participate in PRISON ARTS 74, our fifth national prison arts project. All inmate artists, writers and craftsmen are eligible, as well as parolees.

- CATEGORIES:
- (a) VISUAL ARTS - Paintings, Sketches, Carvings, Sculpture, Prints, etc.
 - (b) CREATIVE WRITING - Poetry, prose, plays, etc.
 - (c) CRAFTS - Photography, Needlework, Ceramics, Leather, Wood and Metal Work, etc.
 - (d) MUSICAL COMPOSITIONS

Entries must be received no later than May 1, 1974. Selected arts and crafts will appear in The Prison Arts travelling exhibition. A choice of writings is made for publication in "Words From Inside", our annual booklet.

1

ALL ENTRIES ARE SUBJECT TO THE FOLLOWING CONDITIONS

1. Any inmate of an adult correctional institution in Canada is eligible.
2. Entries must be received no later than May 1, 1974 at this address: Prison Arts 74, 143 Fifth Ave., Brantford, Ont.

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3. Entrants may submit any number of original works, each accompanied by individual entry forms.
4. Artists may choose any theme, expressing life inside or outside prison.
5. Visual arts may be in any media. Paintings, sketches, etc. should be on standard size panels, mounted or matted and, if possible, framed.
6. Arts and Crafts entries must be labelled clearly, showing title, name or pseudonym of artist, sale price, or "not for sale".
7. All entries will be judged by a qualified panel of jurors and winners will be announced immediately.
8. Works selected for the travelling exhibition are to remain with the show for the duration of the tour, which will be completed by October 31, 1974.
9. Sales of arts and crafts entries will be made on a "no commission" basis through the Prison Arts Foundation by mail auction at the end of the tour. Entrants are asked to state a minimum price on each item or reserve price on each item, and purchasers will submit written bids during the exhibitions. Cheques for the sale of works will be forwarded to artists as soon as sales are completed.
10. At the completion of the tour and auction the works will be returned to artists or purchasers.
11. Entries will be protected by insurance coverage while they are in care of the Prison Arts Foundation to a maximum value of \$300.00.

CREATIVE WRITING ENTRIES

Writings may be submitted in English or French. Authors are asked to retain copies of entries, as a protection against loss.

Selected works will appear in the next issue of "Words From Inside", an annual Prison Arts publication.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF AWARDS

A special announcement about awards will be made at a later date and will be publicized in all Canadian adult correctional institutions.

NOTE - Inmates of R.R.C. (Ontario) may obtain more information and

entry blanks from the Librarian, M.R. Clarke.

DEAR NURSE !

by Bob

The thought of getting sick while behind bars has ever been a deep-rooted fear of inmates in general. A recent addition to our Hospital staff, however, has almost made it now a pleasure!

Ms. P. Vermeulen, RNA, came to the Staff in mid-October and her charming personality, ready wit and congeniality have made her an instant "hit" with the population. The fact that she is obviously female is in no way a deterrent - but it goes a whole lot deeper than that. The word I am looking for is COMPETENT - and that she is.

On the pretext of having terminal dandruff, I hauled my skinny body to the Hospital to get some notes.

A native of Holland, but a resident of Canada for eleven years, Ms. Vermeulen has been an RNA for nine years. A very substantial background in nursing has well qualified her for what she terms "this challenging position".

"It would be foolish for me to say that I had no second thoughts when the day came for me to actually walk through the North Gate for the first time and realize I was now in that strictly male domain," she said.

"I, like many uninformed on the outside, had a preconcieved idea of what to expect. This

idea has been proven to be entirely erroneous. Not once have I been treated with anything less than total respect, more so than is the accepted thing in the free world."

An avid curler and baseball fan, Ms. Vermeulen's first love, however, is farming.

"I love to get home, change into work clothes and get out in the field - particularly at harvest time. There is something to be said about seeing a crop attain fruition. It makes it all worthwhile!"



Quite willing, even eager, to "pull her weight", Ms. Vermeulen will work regular shifts and do all the jobs necessary to fulfill her obligations.

It is a refreshing change to see her on the "pill wagon" first thing in the morning - and she certainly has better legs than her male counterparts!

SAD !

I sit and look out through the bars,
I see the sky, I see the stars;
I stop and think what might have been,
But I got caught, right at the scene.



I went to court to hear my fate,
Now I'm a "con", I just don't rate;
They put the "cuffs" on my skinny arm,
And wheeled me off to the funny farm!

They whisked me off to Kingston Pen.,
Gave me some clothes, a bed and then -
They cut my hair, forgot to stop,
They cut a hole right through the top.

The line above was said in jest,
I think by now you must have guessed;
The hair I had is almost gone,
The memory of it just lingers on.

It worries me? No, not a whit,
As to the mirror I daily flit;
I rub my head 'till my ears do buzz,
To cultivate that yearned-for fuzz!

But, woe is me, with all my trying,
It does not help, that's why I'm crying;
To top it off, with much disgrace,
I met a guy with more on his face!

So, now, dear Warden, please let me go,
There's still some oats I'd like to sow;
That pound of flesh the court asked for,
Is paid in full by my hair on the floor!

THE THINK TANK

or
A Toilet By Any Other
Name Would Smell As Sweet

It recently occurred to me that of all the possessions that man has encumbered himself with on this earth, the most forgotten and neglected is the toilet.

I wonder why this is so.

Could it be that we take it for granted? True, as long as it functions properly, we never do seem to notice it. It is just there.

But I don't believe that this is the whole reason for our negligence of this truly remarkable mechanism. No, I believe that deep down inside we are embarrassed by it. We never mention it in polite conversation. Occasionally, at some party or family gathering, you'll hear a stranger or two inquire the direction of the "little girls" room or the "little boys" room but that's about as far as we'll ever go.

You would never hear a conversation such as:

"The wife and I bought a new toilet today, Fred."

"Oh, ya! What one did you get?"

"It's a 1974 Streamline Silent Flush with a four barrell refill tank!"

"Oh, wow! What colour did

you get?"

"Passion Pink, with a white racing stripe; you know where."

"Hey, man, that must've set you back a few bucks, eh?"

"Ya, but what the hey, nothing's too good for Edna and the kids!"

People just do not talk about toilets like that.

But why not? What's the matter with toilets? Why should they be any more repulsive than the family car, for instance? A lot of people still do not possess a family car. But how many families are there who still do not own a family toilet (or a reasonable facsimile thereof)?

I do not think that I have to answer this question to demonstrate our almost universal reliance on the toilet.

Have you ever thought, for even a minute, though, of how much of the world's most truly inspired and creative thinking



originates from within the hallowed walls of the water closet? The percentage must be astronomical. (Where do you think the idea for this article first came to the lively mind of this writer? You guessed it!) And why not? Where else can a person find the solitude and peace necessary for the creative juices to flow?

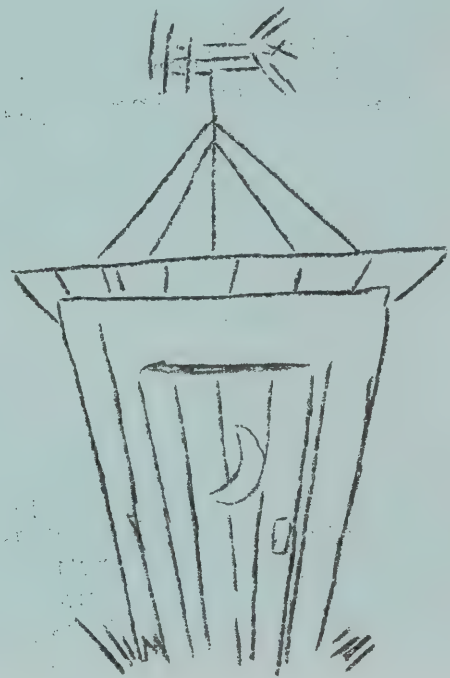
It is staggering to postulate how many of the world's greatest thinkers, writers and philosophers who have shaken the thinking, writing and philosophizing of this planet originally felt the first flush of creativity on this common throne of knowledge that we refer to as the toilet. (Sometimes a second or third flush is necessary to fully develop a particularly troublesome idea fully.)



It is when one considers the toilet in this light that one begins to realize the full implications of its impact on history. So let us delve back into time and consider for a moment where we might be today

were it not for the lowly toilet.

The modern flush toilet has not always been. It was preceded by a whole series of less successful ancestors. First there was the bush. (What was Moses doing when the bush began to burn?) Then there was the ditch. (Have you noticed how the art of ditch-digging has died out in recent years?) Most recently there was the outhouse. (I never was quite sure what was down there!)



Some of these forbears are still in limited use today. (I will acknowledge at this point that some of my readers are alarmed about the absence from the above list of "The Thunderbowl". Suffice it to say that I am aware

of the contribution of this remarkably amiable invention. It deserves special attention, however, and will be dealt with in a later issue - if there is a later issue!

Let us deal with the outhouse, a curiosity which is swiftly vanishing from our lives, and one whose passing a lot of us will sorrowfully mourn.

Outhouses functioned before plumbing came into wide and popular usage. They served the purpose and have a history dating back to the earliest settlements in North America.

Is it not possible to conceive that Benjamin Franklin might have felt the first birth pangs of the Declaration of Independence within the confines of his own personal outhouse? (Ben had a two-seater, being a naturally sociable man - Historical note). Above all, this was one of the major advantages of the outhouse. Although it was primitive, it was able to provide multiple accommodation. (The largest outhouse I personally ever heard of could seat six people who knew each other very well - or one prude!).... Group discussions were, therefore, not only feasible - but quite frequent. Ideas were exchanged and new theories tried out with such success that America today is the most prosperous nation on earth.

It is high time that we showed more respect to these mar-

vels of modern technology. Why must we be ashamed to acknowledge even their existence? We must put an end to the shameful exploitation of these friends of humanity.

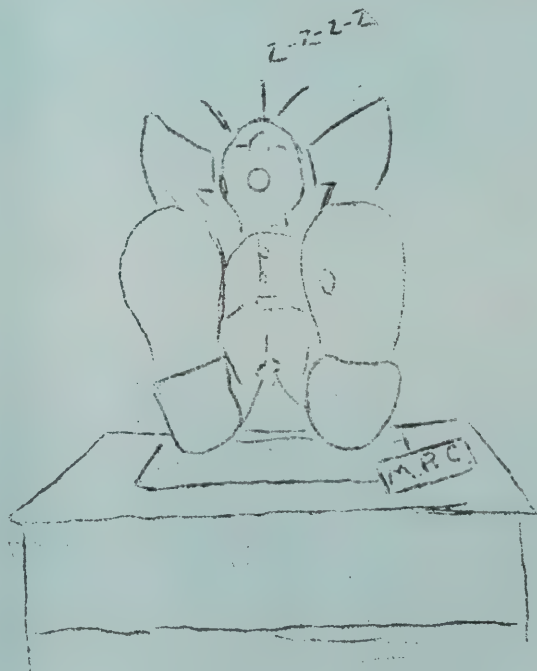
What exploitation, you ask?

As if you didn't know!

I mean, of course, the pay toilet. Any practice which takes advantage of human suffering for financial gain is undeniably undemocratic. Down with pay toilets! It's time to stand up for our rights! (Not you, lady!)

So let's stop fooling ourselves. Let's start calling a spade a spade. After all, something would be sadly missing from our lives if the toilet was ever to disappear from our culture!

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HELP!

Most of us behind bars have, at one time or another, had some dealings with the Legal Aid System - some favorable, others not so favorable.

The Honourable Mr. Justice Brooke, of the Supreme Court of Ontario, is Chairman of the Advisory Committee which must make a yearly report to the Attorney General. He is interested in our viewpoints, both pro and con.

Justice Brooke writes:

" I would appreciate your assistance in bringing my concern to the men and women in the institution and if there is a committee which represents them a brief containing submissions as to the "operation Of The Legal Aid Act Of Ontario as it concerns inmates of penal institutions in the Province."

So, come on guys! We have heard lots of "beefs" about the system. Here's your chance to present it where it will do some good.

Send your comments to The Librarian or the inmate Editor. It will be placed in a brief and forwarded to Justice Brooke.

WRITERS!...ARTISTS!...WRITERS!...ARTISTS!...WRITERS!...ARTISTS!

CHANGING TIMES wishes to remain representative of ALL our readers, both within the walls and outside.

If you have any desire to write or draw, why not sit down and send us something - poetry, stories, fiction, cartoons - be our guest!

ARTISTS!...WRITERS!...ARTISTS!...WRITERS!...ARTISTS!...WRITERS!

AS

Submitted by

A Fellow Human Being

TIME PASSES

Every day that passes seems to bring home, with stark reality, what a fool I have been. I used to tell everyone that it was because I was too young, or that I wasn't ready to settle down.

What a fool I was to think I had enough gall to fool anyone when, in reality, I was fooling no one but myself and showing how immature I was. Yet I know deep in my heart that I am a good man. It's just me trying to express myself, and I pray, each night for the courage to really express how I feel.

I have used excuses, compounded by more excuses, in an effort to justify my fear at being honest with myself. The one thing I want, and need, is enough guts to be able to say how I feel about things without having the fear of being scorned upon.

Men are men, not just because they have power or money. Men who rely on these two "crutches" are nothing more than the shell

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of a nut. They have a hard outer shell but, inside, they are just like me - running scared - trying to

8

find out what life is truly all about. They are the ones who stand up and say, "Look at me! Aren't I

the greatest?" Bull!!!

We all need guidance and the only person for that is one's REAL self - the one we seldom see or hear; the one that needs the most attention. If anything can be done, it has to start somewhere. Can you think of a better place?



With all due respect to the multitude who are in the same rut as I, it is about time we got off our collective posteriors and started to do something about it instead of putting it off on a day to day basis.

If this hurts anyone, I am sorry; and that is a BIG word with a multitude of meanings. To me, it means a hurt which I must rectify. I am a man and, like most men, I am very fallible to mistakes. I only want to ask forgiveness.

I can only rationalize what my feelings are towards the hurt I have imposed on people. I don't mean to hurt anyone. I just want to try to climb out of my shell and try to live, not exist; but live like a human being.

By the time I finish what must be done, I feel that I will come out more of a man than I was when I came in. I pray to God, whoever or whatever, to guide me along. I have a rough journey to make and I would like Him along to help me wherever necessary.

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To this end I will be thankful and very grateful for the rest of my life.

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COAXIAL

"The King", Frank Sinatra recently made his comeback after a two year, self-imposed exile. I have not as yet decided if it was a wise move or not. The old charm was there, the old mannerisms were there but, unfortunately, the old voice was not.

I have been an avid Sinatra fan for more years than I am about to admit and have often marvelled at his professional manipulation of a lyric. Not this time! His voice was weak and, on occasion, tremulous.

His obviously hand picked audience gave him a standing ovation, which he richly deserved - but not for this particular effort. It was a tribute to Sinatra the man - not Sinatra the entertainer.

In indirect contrast to the above, Perry Como was a guest on a "special" a couple of nights later and "Mr. C." came across with a full complement of flying colours.

I have never felt that Como could compare with Sinatra when it came to vocalizing but whatever he had, he has managed to retain. His presentation, as was to be expected from him, showed what made him almost a household word a few years ago. We could stand more of his appearances.

COMMENTS

On Sunday, November 25, I sat and watched "Canada's sporting event of the year" - the Grey Cup. The previous day, I sat and watched a regularly scheduled league game between two U.S. College teams.

The fact that both were both football games is, for me, irrelevant; both were, to varying degrees, entertaining from a sporting viewpoint. The manner in which they were presented, however, is something else again.

While the U.S. game showed its usual class, our "top" event was, by comparison, a shoddy, mismanaged affair. The half time show was dull, uninteresting and appeared to be totally unrehearsed.

The "game" cameras were more than efficient - but some of those long range shots were too much! We had numerous views of the back side of the temporary bleachers plus many panoramic closeups of a nondescript roller coaster! Very interesting!

Granted, football is not our national sport, but the Grey Cup is one of our bigger productions. We're in bad shape!

W H A T I S A B O Y ?

(Author unknown)

Boys come in assorted sizes, weights and colours. They are found everywhere - on top of, underneath, inside of, climbing on, swinging from or jumping to.

Mothers love them, little girls hate them, older sisters and brothers tolerate them, adults ignore them - and Heaven protects them. A boy is truth with dirt on his face, wisdom with bubble gum stuck in his hair and the Hope of the future with a frog in his pocket.

A boy has the appetite of a horse, the digestion of a sword swallower, the energy of a pocket-sized atom bomb, the curiosity of a cat, the lungs of a dictator, the imagination of a Paul Bunyon, the shyness of a violet, the audacity of a steel trap, the enthusiasm of a fire-cracker - and, when he makes something, he has five thumbs on each hand.

He likes ice cream, knives, comic books, Christmas, the boy across the street, woods, water (in its natural habitat), large animals, Dad, trains, Saturday mornings and fire engines.

He is not much for Sunday school, company, school lessons, neckties, books without pictures, music lessons, babies, adults, girls, overcoats or bedtime.

Nobody is so early to rise or so late to supper. Nobody else can cram into one pocket a rusty old knife, a half-eaten apple, three feet of string, an empty Bull Durham package, two gumdrops, six cents, a slingshot, a chunk of unknown substance and a genuine supersonic code ring with a secret compartment.

A boy is a magical creature. You can lock him out of your workshop, but you can't lock him out of your heart! You can get him out of your study, but you can't get him out of your mind! You might as well give up: he is your captor, your jailer, your boss and your master - a freckle faced, pint sized bundle of noise.

21 BUT, when you come home at night with only the shattered pieces of your hopes and dreams, he can mend them all with these two magic words, "Hi, Dad!"



SPORTS SHORTS

by Bob

After an absence of two years, organized sports has returned to our little gray home in the East.

Recreation Officer, G. Greavett, has literally "taken the bull by the horns" and has started a Floor Hockey League with games being played three afternoons each week.

It is the hope of this writer that, within the foreseeable future, a further relaxation of security rules will take place and more activities will be instituted.

FLOOR HOCKEY - 1973

The league schedule has been made up of two mini-schedules. Follows is the result of the first half, supplied by Bill Dumond, Commissioner.

<u>TEAM</u>	<u>GAMES</u>	<u>W</u>	<u>L</u>	<u>T</u>	<u>G.F.</u>	<u>G.A.</u>	<u>PTS.</u>
"G" Block	6	5	0	1	50	29	17
"H" Block	6	2	1	3	40	33	13
"F" Block	6	1	4	1	22	46	9
"B" Block	6	1	4	1	32	29	8

SCORING LEADERS

<u>NAME</u>	<u>GOALS</u>	<u>ASSISTS</u>	<u>PTS.</u>
Blacklock	23	3	26
Willet	12	1	13
Bonneville	13	0	13
Harvey	12	0	12
Bornichy	5	7	12
Kessel	4	8	12
Thornton	4	5	9
Lewis	2	4	6

22

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS - or
Please Pass The
Earmuffs!

Twas the night before Christmas; all through the joint,
Everyone was yelling and arguing the point;
The radio was blasting, the static was hell,
And the con up above me was pacing his cell.
Two others were singing and beating the floor,
And the guy down below a-yelling for more;
"Sing it again," yelled a fellow in nine,
"Give us a chorus of Sweet Adeline."
Then the fellow next door hammered hard on his bed,
And I felt like a bomb would explode in my head;
Who said "Peace On Earth," told a hell of a tale,
For I know he has never spent Christmas in jail.
"Let us rattle the bars," shouted someone in three,
And I muttered, "Oh, Lord, have some mercy on me."
I prayed for five minutes of quiet and bliss,
Then I cursed that the judge hadn't told me of this!
"Listen, you dope!", screamed the fellow in four,
"Stop throwing those orange peels in front of my door."
The crunching of peanuts, the crachling of shells,
The rattle of paper throughout all of the cells;
"My bag's pretty big!" said the guy down on one,
And a wise-acre answered, "You married her, Son!"
A musical ape played a tune on his sink,
And somebody hollered out, "Give it a drink!"
I stood on my feet and I started to pace,
And I thought about home and the old fire place;
And how Santa Claus would come out in the night,
And fill all the stockings with things of delight;
Then, all of a sudden, a light seemed to blink,
And I got an idea, as quick as a wink;
Did I hang up my stockings outside of the door
Like I did as a child in the old days of yore?
Ah, no! But I took those old stockings instead,
And craftily pulled them over my head;
Thus blocking my ears 'till I heard not a peep,
Then slowly and surely, I drifted to sleep!

(Author unknown)

FRIENDS

The clasping hand is, I think, indicative of the relationship that exists between inmates and The St. Leonard's Society Of Canada.

I am indeed grateful to Rev. T.N. Libby for the following presentation.

Ed.



The "Half Way House" or "Community-Based Residential Centres" movement is a long established tradition in Europe. It is a modern and practical approach to an age-old problem of assisting men and women discharged from prison to habilitate themselves in society and to avoid the temptations which might lead to a return to crime and prison.

Many people return to crime because when they leave prison, they cannot return to a normal, or satisfactory home life; because they find it extremely difficult, and often impossible, to find

suitable employment, and because they lack personal counselling services.

A "Half Way House" is a residence as home-like as possible, within a metropolitan area, where a prisoner who is recently released from prison either by expiry or parole can live inconspicuously for a few weeks or months, sharing with others the task of reshaping their lives, seeking employment, involving themselves in educational opportunities, receiving counsel and encouragement. It is an extension of the John Howard Society and other after-care agencies as well as the national and provincial parole services and does not in any way conflict with, or duplicate these services.

THE FIRST ST. LEONARD'S HOUSE IN CANADA

The first "Half Way House" in Canada was established in Windsor, Ontario, receiving its first resident on May 8, 1962. At the official opening in Jan. 1963, the late "Hoodlum Priest" Rev. Charles Dismas Clark, S.J. from St. Louis, Missouri, and the Rev. James Jones the founder of St. Leonard's House, Chicago were in attendance.

THE ST. LEONARD'S SOCIETY OF CANADA

The St. Leonard's Society of Canada was established in January, 1967, under a Federal charter to assist in the organization of Community Residential Centres for parolees, released prisoners, probationers and offenders, including the selecting and training of qualified staff for St. Leonard's Houses as they are established in major cities throughout the country.

This organization represents Canadian society as completely as possible, particularly the religious, social, business and labour elements from the various regions across Canada, in addition to the representative Houses affiliated with the National Society.

The objectives of the St. Leonard's Society of Canada are

1. The establishment and development of Community Residential Centres.
2. The study of penal and correctional legislation and to play an active role in reforms aimed at the advancement of corrections in Canada.

3. To act as general liaison between St. Leonard's Society of Canada and government authorities.

4. To establish minimum standards for Member houses.

5. To do fund-raising on a national basis including possible financing of individual Houses through Government grants.

6. To build essential research into the whole programme.



The head offices of the St. Leonard's Society of Canada are located at 1787 Walker Rd., Windsor Ontario, N8W 3T2. Further information on this national programme can be obtained by writing to the Executive Director, the Rev. T.N. Libby, at the above address. There are now eleven operating Affiliated Houses with five more in the organization stage.



HOUSES IN OPERATION

WINDSOR St. Leonard's House, Mr. Paul Henry, Executive Director,
491 Victoria Avenue.
The Inn Of Windsor, Miss Irene Girard, Executive Director,
1687 Wyandotte Street, East.
New Beginnings (Essex County) Mr. J.P. Gravel, Executive
Director, P.O. Box 1054.

LONDON St. Leonard's House, Rev. Roy Dungey, Executive Director,
430 William Street.

QUEBEC La Maison Painchaud, Fr. D. Lachance, Executive Director,
955 rue Richelieu.

SUDEBURY The Fraternity, Sister Marie Dubord, s.c.o., Executive
Director, 112 Riverside Drive.

VANCOUVER Willingdon House, 5757 Willingdon Avenue, Burnaby 2, B.C.
6375 Roberts Street, Burnaby, 2, B.C.

TORONTO St. Leonard's House, Mr. Roger La Forme, Executive Direc-
tor, 63 Bellwoods Avenue.

BRANFORD St. Leonard's House, (Peel), Rev. Charles Pell, Executive
Director, P.O. Box 388.

BRANTFORD St. Leonard's House, Mr. Peter Willis, Executive Director,
P.O. Box 611.

ASSOCIATES OPERATING

LONDON Turning Point Inc., Mr. Archie Walsh, Executive Director,
225 Wharncliffe Rd. N., WPG MAN.

Native Clan Organization, Mr. Curtis Fontaine, Director,
808 Wolseley Avenue

ASSOCIATES

Associates are located in the following cities: Yarmouth, N.S.;
Hammond River, N.B.; Charlottetown, P.E.I.; Corner Brook, Nfld.; St.
John's, Nfld.; Ottawa, Ont.; Peterborough, Ont.; Wallaceburg, Ont.;
Sarnia, Ont.; Chatham, Ont.; Windsor, Ont.; Virginiatown, Ont.; Winn-
ipeg, Man.; Prince Albert, Sask.; Edmonton, Alta.; Edson, Alta.;
Calgary, Alta.; North Vancouver, B.C.; Yellowknife, N.W.T.

OPERATING METHODS

People are received at
St. Leonard's Houses on the com-
pletion of their sentence or on

parole granted by the National
Parole Board. A new programme
through the Canadian Penitent -
iary Service where people come
to us early on release through
a pre-release programme was in-
stituted in 1967. They remain
for periods ranging from six

weeks to three months, averaging approximately two months each.

Persons who are without homes and jobs after their release from prison and are returning to a particular area are given preference. But exceptions are made when facilities are available and it is indicated a person could benefit from a stay in one of our Houses.

Applications are received from inmates in penal institutions prior to their release from prison. They are reviewed by an Admission Committee composed of people in the area familiar with after-care of ex-prisoners and others interested in the project. Detailed social histories are received from respective probation departments, institutions, families and friends. Notifications of all applications, and of our committee's decisions, are sent to the National Parole Board. This information may influence the Parole Board's decision.

Inmates interested in making applications to come to a House after their release from the institution should ask for an application blank early in their sentence and mail it to the House in the community to which they would like to return after their release. Representatives of St. Leonard's affiliated Houses are in the institutions frequently and will take part in the courses offered by the Canadian Penitentiary Service at the Reception Centre in Kingston every three weeks on a Thursday, beginning with Thursday, November 15, 1973.

Inquiries about our programme can be directed to the Chaplain or the Induction Training Officer at the Regional Reception Centre. Inquiries are welcomed and all correspondence will be answered by the House concerned.

TIME	OUT
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(Answers)

- | | |
|--------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Henry Armstrong | 7. Howie Morenz |
| 2. Arnold Cream | 8. Neil Armstrong |
| 3. Rocky Graziano | 9. Six Day Bicycle Racing |
| 4. Sam Langford | 10. Man Of War |
| 5. Bingo Kampman | 11. Auto Racing |
| 6. Ted Lindsay | 12. Phil Rizzuto |

Aren't you really happy that Princess Anne finally got married? I never got an iota of publicity when I got married - either time!

When advertising for Christmas will start about Labor Day? It's getting a little closer all the time!

How I can ever be the center fold in our magazine when we have only single pages? Can you imagine just where we would have to stick the staple?

When some move is going to be made on renovations to this disaster area we call a Library? The "fall out" from those ceiling tiles is just a little too much!

Why the range officers cannot wear soft-soled shoes at night time?

When Clyde Gray is going to get another "shot" at Jose Napoles? He'll win!

When George Chuvalos is going to pack it in?

If you are convinced by now that my beloved Leafs are more than a flash in the pan this year?

If that group here in Kingston that is determined to tear down jail walls might be interested in ours? We've got four dandies they could have a ball with!

What some of our TV viewers would do if the set talked back!

PLEASE TELL ME

When it comes to all round talent, who can top a name like Paul Anka? Writer, composer of both music and words, he does most of his own arranging. On top of it all, he has been known to be a pretty fair singer!

How come most of us TV addicts seem to cheer for the "fuzz" all the time? Could it be that we cannot afford to associate with losers?

Now that Liz Taylor and Richard Burton have got together again, I am sure I can finish my time! Perhaps Burton hasn't heard about the energy crisis yet!

Do these TV commercials confuse you as much as they do me? So far, I've gargled "once in the morning" with Mop 'n' Glo, had a facial with Skippy Peanut Butter and brushed my teeth with Mary From The Royal Bank!

What anyone can possibly do with fifty or sixty pocket books in their cell.

Speaking of the energy crisis, have no fear about us ever getting cold. There is enough hot air in this office to last ages!

If there is any extra charge for the food on the bottoms of the trays when they come from the Kitchen?

If you can think of a more deserving guy to "make it big" other than Don Harmon with his "Charlie Farquharson's History Of Canada". And he's got Catherine too!

28

VERSE

The following was submitted by an inmate's wife,
and is, I feel, right from her heart.

Bob

////////////////////////////////////

"MY SEED FAITH PRAYER"

Dear God, I beg of you, hear my silent cry,
As I write this prayer with tear filled eyes;
I need Terry, Lord, so terribly much,
Must I live in fear of his next "rangy" touch?
A wife is supposed to be protected and loved,
Not beaten senseless, smashed at and shoved.
I want Terry's love, Lord, with all my soul
But not the ranginess in him that turns him so cold;
I need his gentleness, the warmth of his arms,
But, no, God, not if he's forever doing me harm.
And, what of our child, God - Peggy, who's so dear,
As she watches him that way and also has fear;
When will it stop, so we won't live in hell?
So our lives can become happy and well?
Will his ranginess destroy us, or will You destroy it?
So our life together we can begin to knit?
I beg, Dear Lord, that you'll soon see fit
To crush the ranginess, God - please crush it to bits!

//////*****////////////////////////////////////*****

" MEMORIES " (by Terry Culbertson)

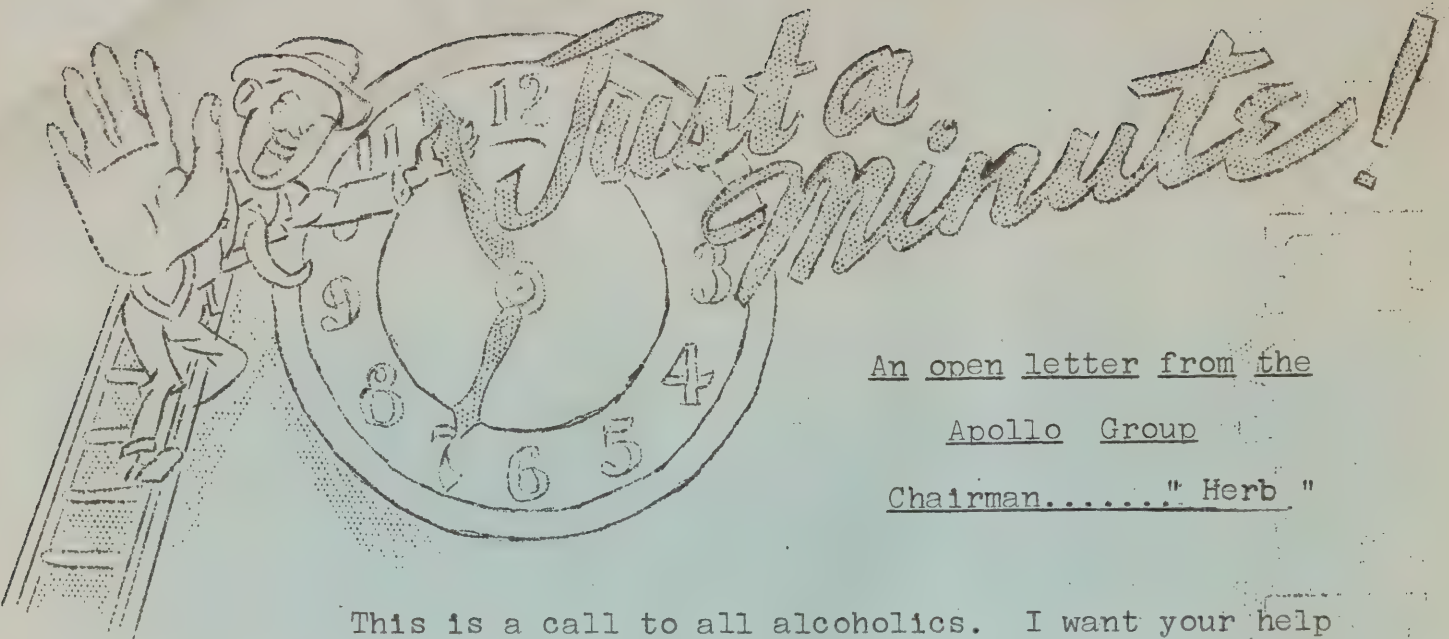
To have, To love, To part - the sorrows of one's heart,
The years may wipe away many things
But this they wipe away, never
The memories of the time we spent together.
Though your smile is gone and your hand, I cannot touch
Still, I have memories of you, the one I love so much.
They say memories are golden, and maybe that is true,
But I never wanted memories; I only wanted you.
There's a tear in my eye that I can wipe away,
Though the ache in my heart, for you, will always stay.

*****////////////////////////////////////*****

2
9

The greater part of readers, instead of blaming us for
passing trifles, will wonder that on trifles so much labour
is expended, with such importance of debate, and such sol-
emnity of diction. To these I answer with confidence, that
they are judging of an art which they do not understand; yet
cannot much reproach them with their ignorance, nor promise
that they would become in general, by learning criticism,
more useful, happier or wiser.

Samuel Johnson



An open letter from the
Apollo Group
Chairman....." Herb "

This is a call to all alcoholics. I want your help and, in order to get that help, I am asking that you read this and get in touch with us here at Box 22, Kingston, Ontario. I would ask that you address all mail to "The A.A. Chairman."

I need your story. Isn't that what A.A. is all about?

The more I hear, the more I learn; the more I learn, the more help I can receive. Also, my friends, you can receive our help. How many of you have said, "But for the Grace of God, there go I," and realized that you too could have ended up in here - or some place just like it?

Some of us took that first drink, which we could not handle. We are paying for that slip, fall or whatever you choose to call it. There are many individuals here you can identify with. Some of us can identify with you. I know this writer does.

Why not discover for yourself what it is like here in the "Big House"? I guarantee that when you return home, you will stop and think.

Your friend in A.A.

30

Y O U R

INMATE

COMMITTEE

On behalf of the Inmate Committee, let me take a few minutes of your time to give you an insight into just what we are doing and what we hope to do FOR YOU!

The Inmate Committee is representative of THE ENTIRE INSTITUTION and anything we do is done with that idea in mind. If you support US, we will support YOU!

A representative of your Committee will be in the gym every Wednesday from 8.30 AM until 9.30 AM and from 1.30 PM until 2.30 PM to answer your questions and listen to your suggestions.

Your Committee will have a meeting with The Director at least once each month. In the case of emergency, extra meetings will be in order.

We will have a meeting once each week with Liaison Officer, Mr. Bigford. By this method we can keep abreast of everything within our scope. If it warrants action, we are able to call on Mr. Bigford at any time for advice.

Much comment has been heard about the undeniably poor radio reception. We are

in complete sympathy with all these complaints and will do our utmost to remedy it. However, in retrospect, some of the inmate population must be ready to assume part of the blame for the deplorable condition of the lead-in wiring. "Do-It-Yourself" technicians have certainly fouled things up. Que Sera!

Our Christmas parcels this year are not exactly as we would have liked, but it is extremely difficult with the prices as they are. Our actual involvement with any of the parcel arrangements was practically nil, so we are taking no credit. Neither



do we feel obligated to accept any undo criticism.

I can only reiterate - this is YOUR committee. We are but spokesmen. Tell us your problems and let's work them out together.

Herbie Todd
(Chairman)

CROSSWORD

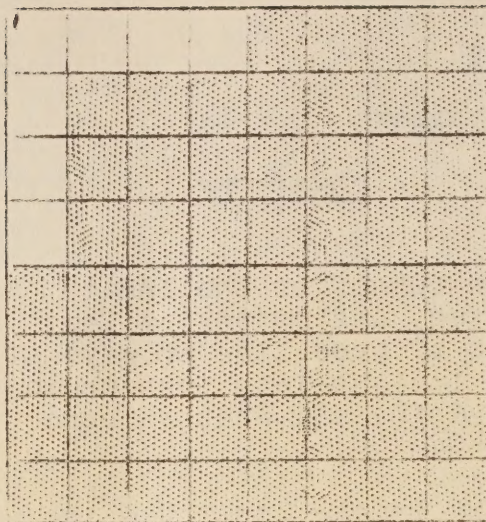
For those of you who complained that our last Crossword Puzzle was too short (9 blocks) we offer the new enlarged 64 Block version - guaranteed to give you many hours of contented fun!

ACROSS

1. Opposite Of Hate

DOWN

1. What we breathe with



PUZZLE PAGE

FUN WITH DOTS!

Relive your childhood. In the following diagram, simply draw a continuous line from dot to dot, numerically, and produce a picture all of your own!

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

MINI QUIZ!

Simply answer the following questions with the first thing that comes to your mind (no profanity, please!)

1. Where is the basement located in a three story building?
2. Six Kings of England have been called "George", the last being George VI. Name the previous five.
3. What time is it when the big hand is on the one and the little hand is on the five?

HI !

We are pleased to present you with this complimentary copy of CHANGING TIMES.

This monthly publication will be written, edited and published by the inmates of The Regional Reception Centre at Kingston in an effort to bridge that so often misunderstood communication gap that exists between us and you "honest people".

We are embarking on a new venture as a member of The Penal Press and we respectfully solicit your help in our cause.

We do not expect to win any great awards with our efforts; our reward will be in the knowledge that, to a small degree, we will be able to bring about a correlation of thoughts between us.

You need have no fear of leaving a copy of CHANGING TIMES laying around your home. It is a family magazine with a view - point that may just surprise you.

Why not fill in the subscription form below and assure yourself of some reading with a difference!

Tear Across Dotted Line

The Editor
CHANGING TIMES
P.O. Box 22
Kingston, Ontario
K7L 4V7

Date _____

I wish to subscribe to "CHANGING TIMES" at the low cost of Two (\$2.00) Dollars per year.

Enclosed please find the sum of _____ dollars which will cover my subscription for _____ years.

My full name and address is as follows:

Name (Please Print)

Address

City or Town

Province

Signature

